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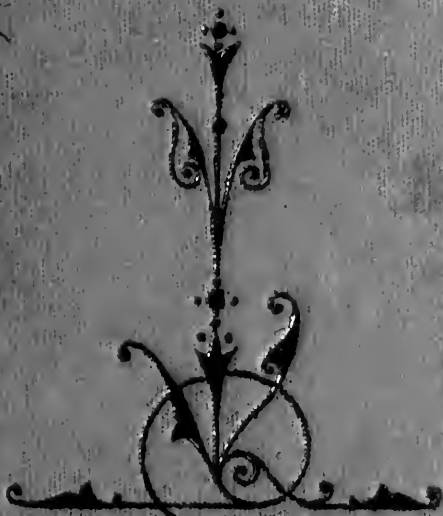
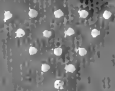
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POEMS

BY

FREDERICK TINDALL.

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# POEMS:

“DERMION & ESSYLLT,”

“THE SPIRIT OF LOVE,”

AND

“A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.”

BY

FREDERICK TINDALL.



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# DERMION AND ESSYLLT.

A POEM.



BEHOLD! The Spirit of Life, it dreamed a dream :  
A dream of man, and Evil there did seem ;  
It moaned amidst its sleep in discontent  
At its own fantasies. And one was sent  
To wake the sleeper : Beautiful and Bright—  
A gleam of Heaven—he stood amidst the night,  
And mused how best to wake it from its sleep,  
Nor yet alarm ; so he long watch did keep,  
And gleamed upon its eyes a gentle light,  
And ever slowly made it glow more bright,  
And as he gleamed, strange visions passed in woe  
Over the sleeper. All creations show  
Space, world, life, man, time, judgment, death, and hell,  
Anarkiel throned and Faith's all blinding spell  
And as the light grew brighter o'er its eyes,  
A sweet reflection of its brilliancies  
Stood in the dream ; a Being there did dwell  
In guise of God, enwrapt in miracle.  
Then 'twas shut out ; and soon it came again,  
Different : a spirit in no guise of pain,  
In gleaming shape—twin-child of beauteous Love,  
Who o'er the mass of dream began to move,  
Which changed before His word. Forth from him broke  
Such radiancy that the sleeper woke,  
And saw the dream was not, and evil naught,  
And the Bright One unto his bosom caught  
The Spirit of Life thus out of dreaming brought,  
And said : " I am the child thou saw'st appear ;  
*Love Only is,—there is no woe or fear.*"  
The spirit gazed with ecstasy above,  
Filled with the rapture of that Being's love,  
Whose name cannot be told to mortal ear,  
Who perfect is, who will to all appear,  
Who shines for ever through the things men see,—  
He only real, and all else fantasy.  
The dream was evil.

Listen now, and hear  
How the awaking will to all appear.

Beautiful Essyllt, child of Love,  
 Beautiful Essyllt, pressed with woe,  
 Why do you pace the lonely grove?  
 Why do you sob and murmur so?  
 Who can have grieved so fair a thing as thou?

Horrible are the ways of man—  
 Horrible now that evil's spell,  
 Invoked by priests, has laid a ban  
 On everything that man loves well,  
 And strives to crush Love out with hideous spell.

Anarkiel now rules the spheres;  
 Who then can live nor suffer pain?  
 There's nothing now but prayers and tears,  
 There's nothing now but war and bane,  
 And all man's longings for release seem vain.

The triune fiend priests conjure up  
 Now rules him with the grasp of death,  
 Distilling poison in Love's cup,  
 Condemning all above, beneath,  
 To endless torture 'neath his fiery breath.

Essyllt Anarkiel had pressed down  
 With horror and with load of care;  
 Ere she was twenty she had known  
 The pour'd-out wrath of Hate's despair,  
 And must have died had not Love's God been there.

Love made a pretty little boy,  
 Who passed and passed before her sight  
 Like an embodiment of joy,  
 Within whom Love's reflex burnt bright,  
 And she with him found ever new delight.

His name was Dermion; on him too  
 Anarkiel poured forth his ire;  
 But vain,—for Love did him subdue,  
 And hurled back his avenging fire,  
 With bold defiance leading Dermion higher.

God loved him and burst through the veil  
 That hides the spirit from men's sight;  
 Through death the unseen living sail,  
 And stand 'midst men in form so bright:  
 The graves are rent to give Love's child delight.

Then old, forgotten names were heard,  
 And ancient voices spoke again;  
 New chords of music clashing stirred;  
 The dead spoke with them, cured his pain,  
 And round him moved a guardian spirit-train.

They came and shouted in each ear :  
 " We are not dead ; 'tis ye that die.  
 Lo ! brighter days will now appear ;  
 The tomb is riven, and each eye  
 Shall see Love's self, and evil then must fly."  
 And many gained perfection, loving God ;  
 For by Love Only can ye scale  
 The spheres to Heaven ; Love is the road,  
 Truth the bright boat, and Joy the sail ;  
 With these, no life to find its goal can fail.

Then rose confusion in the spheres,  
 And even man began to feel  
 That all was passing—death and tears ;  
 And his poor brain began to reel,  
 And mighty Love to him its joys reveal.

So time went on, and Essyllt grew  
 A woman fair, and Dermion loved ;  
 And oft by stealth they met, and flew  
 Into each other's arms, and proved  
 Love's perfect bliss, and in His Heaven moved.

But fiends stole Essyllt from his side,  
 And hid her—where he could not find ;  
 So he did roam the death spheres wide,  
 Seeking for her, while friends unkind  
 Mocked, and declared stark madness chained his mind.

The moon is up, the skies are bright,  
 A silver sheen melts all below,  
 And o'er the waving trees a light  
 Spreads in a strage fantastic glow ;  
 Lo ! in the distance, near the sea,  
 A city stretched each thriving arm,  
 And spire on spire in majesty  
 Climbed to the heaven's azure calm ;  
 And through it, like a serpent strong,  
 Twined in many folds, gleaming bright,  
 A river rolled and flashed along  
 Through the clear star-bespangled night.  
 But near the city frowned a wood,  
 With incongruity of trees,  
 Amidst whose foliage lowering stood  
 A fane, around which sighed the breeze,  
 Where men the dark Anarkiel praised,  
 In spells which others hurt and crazed ;  
 'Twas a strange pile of gloom—all weird,  
 Girded with graves, alone, uncheered,  
 While o'er it glinted, pale and white,  
 The moon's half fitful silver light ;

It looked like some huge sentinel,  
 Sent forth 'gainst Love from fabled hell.  
 In it many an evil sprite  
 Of those long dead and passed from sight,  
 Still fixed in the insanity  
 Of Hate's faith priestianity,  
 Crouched there, and muttered prayer always,  
 Waiting the fabled judgment day.

Now tempted by the evening breeze,  
 Which rustled sweetly through the trees,  
 And by fair Luna's silv'ry light,  
 The fragrant air, the beauteous night,  
 Sweet Æssyllt wanders forth to rove,  
 And hurries down the shadowy grove.  
 Strange thoughts began her soul to fill—  
 Strange hopes and whispers calm and still.  
 It seemed that 'neath her spirit's woe  
 A misty sense of joy did grow;  
 She tried to find the cause in vain,  
 Why she felt joy when grief should reign.  
 Thus, often we elated are,  
 Or else oppressed with weight of care,  
 Yet cannot tell, howe'er we muse,  
 From what the blissful sense ensues,  
 Nor, though we probe the mind's deep laws,  
 Can we explain the feeling's cause.

O Love! men know thee not, nor feel  
 The extasies which ye reveal;  
 Yet e'en the dim reflex of thee  
 They feel in youth is ecstasy.  
 What is so deep, what rouses more  
 Inquiring thoughts in such wild store?  
 What metaphysic student's mind  
 Can solve the puzzles ye unwind?  
 When ye appear with gleam of God,  
 Ye pierce the human lifeless clod,  
 And bring to light of gems a store,  
 And life make where was death before.  
 So fair Æssyllt, as she walks and sings,  
 Thinks of a thousand wayward things:  
 Of her sad home; Faith's rites detested;  
 Of Hate's dire creed, with awe invested;  
 And then of Dermion, while a blush  
 Steals o'er her cheek. She starts, and, hush!  
 A lute's soft strains through the trees doth ring,  
 A manly voice begins to sing;  
 While, with flushed face and beating heart,  
 Entranced she stands, nor would depart.

- “ A stranger through this earth I wander lone,  
 Pining with love for one fair maid now flown,  
 Whom e'er I seek, whom I will make my own.
- “ Fear not, my own one ; nothing thee can harm ;  
 In vain Hate's fiend o'er thee doth work its charm.  
 For love in me doth glow and nerves this arm.
- “ Remember me, I call thee night and day,  
 And many spirits with me seek alway  
 To thee deliver from Anarkiel's sway.
- “ The time is come, when you with me should go,  
 Defy Anarkiel, leave all below,  
 To seek Love's joys, which all will quickly know.”

It ceased, and a few clashing chords,  
 Echoed afar the inspirèd words.  
 She stood, still listening in unrest,  
 While Hope's dove fluttered in her breast ;  
 When, thrilling with delight, she thought  
 She heard a footstep near her stray ;  
 She laughed with joy, while Dermion caught  
 Her rounded form, in loving way.  
 The minstrel was her darling one,  
 'Twas Dermion, in whose arms she laid.  
 His fondling hands sustained alone  
 The panting and delighted maid.  
 She looks up, smiling, and beholds  
 Two eyes on her with lovelight gleam ;  
 Her spirit's image its form unfolds ;  
 She sees the hero of her dream.  
 He raises her, and round her twines  
 His strong right arm, and in that grove,  
 With passionate words and loving signs,  
 In a low tone he breathes his love ;  
 Tells her he saw her dare all woe  
 To be with him. Quick in that hour  
 Hate's grasp relaxed, and Love did throw  
 O'er her his ever-living power.  
 He asks her now to prove her love,  
 To bid him hope, to fly consent ;  
 Without her, life but drear would prove,  
 And death an endless visitant.  
 She answered, “ Yes ; ” but all her frame  
 Shook with convulsions strange and new.  
 And passionate sobs then quickly came,  
 While gem-like tears her cheeks bedew.  
 He pressed her close, and many a word  
 He whispered softly, and caressed.  
 She spoke not, but wept on unheard,  
 And hid her face upon his breast ;

Some moments then they silent stood  
 Enrapt with unexpected bliss,  
 Tears rolled, half joy, half woe—a flood  
 Oft mixed with many a clinging kiss;  
 Then, as a culprit, waked at dawn  
 From blissful dreams of days departed,  
 Unto his execution morn,  
 Feels sorrowful and brokenhearted,  
 So she from her short dream of bliss  
 Awoke with sudden start and moan,  
 And 'midst wrought anguish such as this,  
 Thus spoke, in a dejected tone—

“Alas! alas! it cannot be;  
 Oh, Love, we must not meet again;  
 For us to meet, yet hopeless be,  
 Will only agonize our pain.  
 My country, parents, and my God,  
 All doom me to a different fate;  
 Who can resist their awful word?  
 We've met at last, but met too late.”

“Too late!” he cried; “oh, no, dear maid,  
 No spell can hurt thee—fly with me.  
 Love promises, good spirits aid,  
 I will defend and comfort thee.”

“Oh, urge me not; a life of gloom  
 Awaits such deeds, to wrack each breast—  
 Anarkiel's curse—an awful doom—  
 On me and thee would ever rest.  
 'Tis said that thou some fiend must be,  
 Teaching religious falsity,  
 And kings defying, stirring man  
 To hurl them down, nor fear God's ban.  
 Fly, fly this place, for hirelings, paid  
 By priest and king, are on thy track;  
 They call thee traitor,—through night's shade  
 Hurry at once, lest they come back.  
 They tell me I must live for Heaven,  
 They tell me I must wail for sin;  
 By blood we must be all forgiven,  
 If we God's Heaven would enter in.  
 Alas! and thou believest not;  
 Alas! and thou art doomed to hell,  
 Never to wash sin's foulest spot,  
 Never to torture's wave dispel.  
 Alas! my dread for thee is worse  
 Than for myself. Oh, seek not me;  
 Anarkiel's and my parents' curse  
 Would follow, should I go with thee.”

"And dost thou fear them?" he replied;  
 "Trust Love, dear girl, whate'er men say.  
 If we do good, nought can betide,  
 And Love is good and pure alway;  
 And if harm comes I thee will cherish;  
 O, let us meet that woe together;  
 Better to taste Love's bliss and perish,  
 Than separate live, and part for ever."  
 "O, say no more, Love, I will go,"  
 With a wild burst the maiden cries,  
 And, with a passionate glance of woe  
 Mixed with desire, looks in his eyes.  
 "Yes, I will dare all, all for thee—  
 I'll leave my sire, my land, and god,  
 All dangers brave with thee to be,  
 And with thee fly to lands abroad.  
 O, be thou true, dear one, to me;  
 Think,—I surrender all for thee;  
 If thou art false, or me forsake,  
 No hope is left—this heart will break."  
 "False! O, Essyllt," he quickly cried,  
 "May every ill descend on me  
 If e'er I wander from thy side,  
 If ever I am false to thee."  
 He drew her closely to his breast,  
 With passionate kisses, and caressed.  
 Long stood they, as the evening faded,  
 And deepening night their figures shaded,  
 Ne'er thinking time doth quickly move,  
 Occupied with their own true love;  
 When, where the twilight shadow sweeps,  
 A stealthy figure near them creeps:  
 On them his vengeful eyeballs feast,  
 'Tis yonder temple's fawning priest.  
 Quickly, with angry glances o'er them,—  
 Sleek, panther-like, he stood before them.  
 "Murderer," he cried, "your arts are vain.  
 Think not to Heaven defy again;  
 I've watched you here—a hundred men,  
 Well armed, surround this sacred glen;  
 Think not your deeds are all unknown,  
 Whose words are as grim Satan's own;  
 Your spells have tortured many a creature,  
 And I have proofs of murder foul  
 By your arts done. God's wrath has reached here  
 Your doom is death: think of your soul.  
 What! dost thou dare to pierce this shade,  
 And here get dalliance with a maid?  
 Fellows, behold your prey, and gag him;  
 Seize him, and to the dungeon drag him."

New foes on all sides Dermion meets.  
 Vainly he struggles ; she entreats.  
 They bore him from her, tightly bound him,  
 Although she closely clung around him.  
 The priest commands, in voice of thunder,  
 They force the loving pair asunder,  
 And to the city bear their prey,  
 Bound, helpless, from her gaze away.  
 The priest then turned upon the maid,  
 And thus, in furious accents, said :  
 " Think you I cannot guess their meaning—  
 Those looks, those tears, convulsive feeling ?  
 You are his leman ; you, Heaven's child,  
 With deadly sin are now defiled.  
 Do you not know your God's decree :  
     You ne'er must love's embraces own,  
 Unless you come and pray to me,  
     And I give leave ;—*then with but one ?*  
 Your lover in a dungeon lies ;  
 In a few days from this he dies ;  
 Repent, or you will share his fate ;  
 I could tell much ; rouse not my hate.  
 I am Hate's minister : O, turn !  
 Cling to the cross, or ever burn.  
 The country claims a victim's pangs,  
 O'er whom some strange convulsion hangs ;  
 This murderer's words have stirred our slaves,  
 Each unwashed churl of freedom raves ;  
 'Tis plain Anarkiel is displeased,  
 By blood he must be e'er appeased ;  
 He loveth blood, and war, and hate ;  
 We'll pray for it, and save the State.  
 Thou shalt be his, or death, I swear ;  
 Now hence ; remember, and beware !"  
 He left. Then, with a cry, she said :  
 " In Love I trust, alive or dead ;"  
 Then fell down, swooning, with a groan,  
 And lay all senseless as a stone.

Another night, another day,  
 From Dermion's life had passed away ;  
 Sentenced to die by judge and law ;  
 But faintly shone Hope's quivering star.  
 'Twas his last night : the morrow's dawn  
 Would see him unto torture borne.  
 Gloomy he lay, within his cell,  
 Thinking of her he loved so well ;  
 Whom he had met, but met in vain,  
 And who he ne'er should meet again.

How still the hour ! no whisper stirred ;  
 'Twas silence to be felt—observed :  
 Seeming to have a meaning strange,  
 Which awed, yet made wild Fancy range  
 How oft men feel, in midnight's hour,  
 The sense of awe of some dim Power,  
 Which, though they laugh at in the day,  
 Or cunningly explain away,  
 With night returns, in vague unrest,  
 Disquieting each sceptic breast.  
 But see ! that light ! *Who standeth there ?*  
 'Tis like a *Child*, though strangely fair.  
 An icy vapour round him steals :  
 Benumbed, half powerless he feels ;  
 His chains fall off ; they echo hollow ;  
 It beckons, and he turns to follow.  
 From the foul dungeon, past a gate,  
 Through a long passage wide and straight,—  
 Still on it glides ; no footfalls sound ;  
 No shadow casts it on the ground,  
*It* sometimes stops, and beckons him—  
 Shedding strange light through the prison dim.  
*They* stand without—no one he meets—  
 And hurry through the deserted streets.  
 While lightnings brighten all like noon,  
 And murky vapours hide the moon,  
 The guards, the gaolers *They* have passed,  
 All sleeping heavily and fast.  
 At length they stand beside the river ;  
 How strange the lights that o'er it quiver !  
*It* signs to him to there remain—  
 To trust in Love, nor fear again.  
 He looks ; the Light fades in the air ;  
 That *CHILD* is gone, he knows not *where*.

He sinks down, thinking all a dream,  
 Nor knew what the Bright Shape to deem ;  
 A beauteous child its aspect bore,  
 Yet like no child e'er seen before.  
 No spirit could have done like this.  
 Then o'er him swelled a thrill of bliss ;  
 Could Love's sweet self, e'en like a star  
 To watch and guard him, flash from far—  
 A sweet reflex from where the Eternals are ?

The day is come—the day of doom !  
 Anarkiel's curse sounds through the gloom,  
 Sounded from every fane and priest,  
 Who long on Dermion's pains to feast.

Slowly there moves a solemn train  
 Over the earth to Anarkiel's fane.  
 Black Iar called, where Hate's dire spell  
 Is raised to make the earth a hell :  
 From whence Faith issues far and wide ;  
 Where money reigns, and woe, and pride ;  
 Where sorrow crushes every joy,  
 And pleasure's deemed a useless toy ;  
 Where Death reigns side with black Despair ;  
 Where Faith, in blood and fire doth scare ;  
 And science proves, with logic deep,  
 Death is annihilation's sleep.  
 Here Anarkiel's temple's reared ;  
 Here sit His vicegerents revered :  
 Clergymen, pope, and priest, and king.  
 Here judges, too, their victims bring ;  
 And round them move earth's numerous train,  
     Offering gold, and life, and beauty—  
 Every joy for baubles vain,  
     And mocking Love at shrine of duty.  
 There was a solemn stillness round—  
     A mighty awe and wonderment  
 That any born could e'er be found  
     To have defied Hate's government !  
 A priest stood by the altar's side,  
 And in stern accents, loud he cried,  
 " Bring the blasphemer ; lo ! the price  
 Of Iar's good—her sacrifice—  
 Before ye he this day shall die !  
 So all be warned in earth and sky,  
 Nor dare Anarkiel to defy."

A shudder passed through the den of shame ;  
 The people shout with fierce acclaim,  
 And many glared with thirst for blood  
 Where the stern Christian priesthood stood.  
 Like snakes they are ; while calm and still,  
 They charm the victim they will kill.  
 Accurst be your foul trade in lies !  
 Accurst your deep hypocrisies !  
 Well may men bitter feel to ye,  
 When all have felt your cruelty !  
 A half-hour passed ; none heed the call ;  
 Anxiety—white-visaged all.  
 An hour had passed ; and wonder glared  
 From every face, now pale and scared,  
 When a strange murmur groweth hither  
 Of many voices mixed together ;  
 And midst the babble rose the cry :  
 " He has escaped ! How could he fly ?"

The news flies quickly round and round—  
 “He’s gone! he’s fled! nor can be found.”  
 “What!” cried the judges; “’tis a lie;  
 He dare not—no! he could not fly.  
 Go search.” “We have.” “Go search again.”  
 “No one has seen him—’tis in vain.  
 The doors were fast; drowsiness fell  
 O’er every slave and sentinel,  
 As if some Unearthly Thing were there;  
 And he is gone, we know not where.”

The judge cried—while his features’ hue  
 All sallow, stern, and livid grew—  
 “Go, fetch his leman; hence, slaves, fly;  
 Hate shall yet triumph—she shall die.”

A burst of anger, long and loud,  
 Echoed from all the assembled crowd;  
 The Priesthood stood in the sacred place,  
 A seeming calmness on each face,  
 In craft long tutored to suppress  
 Each human thought or tenderness.  
 All wait in silence—blank each face—  
 A horror seemed to fill the place;  
 Black night, in day, shut out the sun,  
 The rumbling thunder awed each one,  
 While flashing lightning lit the sky  
 With wild, unnatural brilliancy.  
 She, too, is gone, and can’t be found;  
 Haste, the red spectre is abroad!  
 They hear a distant, rumbling sound;  
 Each man begins to clutch the sword;  
 It groweth nearer—hark! the cry:  
 Pull the Hate tyrant from the sky;  
 Down with yon priests, and liars, all,  
 We will no longer be your thrall.  
 Hark to the cannon’s boom, the roar  
 Of belching guns, devouring flame;  
 Paid hirelings stretch the fane before;  
 Their rattling guns take deadly aim.  
 The people, wild with thirst for blood,  
 Themselves upon the cannons dash;  
 Deadly they mix grim deaths abroad,  
 And evil sprites their victims lash.  
 At length a calmness falls around—  
 The fane is walled with heaps of slain—  
 The people quit the battle-ground,  
 With morning to attack again.  
 Then, while men slept, all those within,  
 Earth’s great ones, met in crime and sin,

Holding dire council how to fell  
 The slaves who dare to thus rebel ;  
 They dimly sat the dead around,  
 Midst horrid rites and prayers profound,  
 When flashing light, more bright that day,  
 Lit up the fane, then passed away ;  
 And while o'er all mute fear was spread,  
 And silence reigned, as o'er the dead,  
 A *Shadowy Figure*, tall and wan,  
 Rushed through them, crying, as it ran :

“When the fairest thing thou holdest  
 Shall be driven from thy bosom ;  
 When Hate dares to curse Love's daughter,  
 When thy children turn against thee—  
     Woe to thee, black Iar ;  
     Lo ! thy doom approacheth.”

All turned ; but, lo ! the thing was gone ;  
 Then every face grew sick and wan ;  
 A shudder through each frame was spread,  
 And, with a cry, all wildly fled ;  
 Feeling that voice of woe—that form of gloom  
 Sounded the knell of their approaching doom.

Scudding over the waves gigantic,  
 A bark now roams the wide Atlantic ;  
 Essyllt and Dermion bearing away  
 From Iar's horror and dismay ;  
 Far from the terrible island they fly—  
 The seat of the fabled trinity.  
 And merrily on their way they go,  
 And, locked in love, forget all woe ;  
 Good spirits ever round them flew,  
 Telling them things so strange and new ;  
 Bidding them fear not aught on earth—  
 That death is but the spirit's birth.  
 Oft in the eve would Dermion sing  
 Sweet songs to Love, Love's power to bring  
 From Heaven, to the earth of man,  
 To save him from stern evil's ban :—

“O, Love delightful, come to me—  
 Come in thy wondrous ecstacy—  
 And let all men thy beauty see.

“Destroy all evil with thy love ;  
 Destroy Hate's shade with truth above ;  
 Come, and all thy rapture prove.

“ Transform this earth and spirit-spheres ;  
 Transform all woes, and pain, and tears ;  
 Joy only is when Love appears.”

As he sang thus to her one eve,  
 A spell Hate over the waves did weave ;  
 They heard an angel's solemn hymn  
 Roll through the deepening twilight dim :—

“ Anarkiel's curse is working still,  
 To cover the guilty souls with ill ;  
 And death will destroy the sensual flame  
 Which is nursed in sin and enjoyed in shame.”

Both looked around. No one they view,  
 But the dread sound too well they knew :  
 Sweet Essyllt shuddered—she scarce knew why—  
 And Dermion stood, with anxious eye.  
 They heard a laugh roll over the sea—  
 A hollow strain of mockery.  
 Over these portents long they talked,  
 Of former times, as the deck they walked ;  
 She told him of the magic band  
 By which priests bind her native land ;  
 How they psychologise the mind  
 Of millions of their human kind  
 With aid of evil influence,  
 And make believe things void of sense,  
 Enchain them, that they credit aught  
 Which is by their enslavers taught ;  
 How e'en the elements obeyed ;  
 How prayer gained many spirits' aid ;  
 How powerful those spirits were,  
 Ruling through faith both earth and air,  
 Instilling lies in those on earth,  
 So bringing various sects to birth ;  
 And through their priesthood ruling all,  
 And making men to be their thrall.  
 “ But God,” he said, “ my power has sent ;  
 No curse can blight the innocent.”  
 “ Ah !” cried Essyllt, “ I've seen in dreams  
 Strange terrors, and Anarkiel seems  
 So great an influence, ruling far,  
 Grasping each sphere, and space, and star,  
 Who shall defy the awful One ?  
 Who shall succeed 'gainst him alone ?  
 My countrymen still pray, I fear,  
 For vengeance to o'ertake us here.  
 Their horrid rites and murders grim,  
 Their curses foul, their chant and hymn,

Will rouse Anarkiel on high—  
And whither from him shall we fly?"

"God only is, he is not God,  
For Love is God," bold Dermion cried,  
"Trust we in Love," nor fear his rod,  
So once again I've Hate defied."

They moved away; dark grew the skies,  
Lo! dusky clouds o'er the horizon rise,  
A low wind moaned on the moveless sea,  
A storm wraith boding of ill to be;  
And as they turned to their sleeping-room,  
"Oh! mine," she said, "is a fearful doom;  
I feel I shall never know peace again,  
That my love will to thee be but loss and pain."  
"Then welcome loss and pain," he cried;  
"I fear not, Love is by my side;  
But brood not over such fancied ills,  
'Tis cold, the night my darling chills.  
To rest; Love will these thoughts destroy,  
Sweet, I will kiss thee into joy."

They went below, night lay on the sea,  
All was still, each wave rolled silently;  
But 'twas a silence, like that which haps  
In the interval 'twixt two thunder claps;  
The wind moaned louder, the moon grew wan,  
The dark clouds thicken as night came on,  
And the white froth swept through the dark,  
Like venging spectres after the bark.  
In black midnight, Essyllt, with a start  
Awoke, and listened with beating heart,  
For she heard that spell chanting again,  
A strange, solemn hymn of ruin and bane.  
She shuddered, for she knew it well,  
'Twas Anarkiel's hymn, the Hate fiend's spell.

Dermion woke, and as the strain  
Was chanted o'er the tossing main,  
They heard the tempest louder growing,  
The splash of billows round them flowing,  
The rising thunder's awful sound,  
While lightnings vivid glared around.  
Above he leapt, with wondering stare,  
Oh! what a terrible scene was there.  
Near to some rocks the ship was driven;  
A moment, and it would be riven.  
He rushed to the helm, but vainly rushed,  
A loud crash sounded, the ship was crushed;  
And over the bulwarks the boiling tide  
Swept, like a conqueror, far and wide.

He ran for Essyllt ; the ship was sinking ;  
 Of his dear one's safety only thinking ;  
 But that hollow laugh about him rang,  
 And before him angry billows sprang.  
 The ship split up midst wild commotion,  
 And naught but fragments strewed the ocean ;  
 Then a wild cry went up to Heaven,  
     And all were plunged into the sea,  
 And down to death the crew were driven,  
     All helpless and despairingly.  
 Then out he struck, defying bane,  
     To save his darling one from harm,  
 Midst the black waters and falling rain,  
     And the loud roar of blinding storm ;  
 He strained his eyeballs through the gloom,  
     And thought he saw, not far ahead,  
 His dear one floating to her doom,  
     And her to clasp his arms outspread.  
 He gained the place midst the billows roar,  
     But naught could see but the waters near.  
 But was't a dream, or did once more  
     That mocking laugh ring in his ear ?  
 He thought he heard her dismal cry,  
     And struck out, calling loud her name ;  
 But vain his struggles, no reply,  
     No glimpse of her, nor answer came.  
 Then strange lassitude crept o'er him  
     And an indefinable fear  
 Of what he knew not, as before him  
     Some evil thing was creeping near ;  
 When, lo ! a sound of rending thunder  
     Shivered the dome of heaven with lightning,  
 And he beheld a form of wonder,  
     Its grasp around his darling tightening ;  
 'Twas a fiend influence raised by spell,  
 A spirit powerful and fell ;  
 The shadowy horror, mocking, caught her,  
     And with a look of hate, he threw  
 The swooning Essyllt in the water,  
     Then vanished from sad Dermion's view.  
 He rushed to her through the parting wave,  
     But a gloom closed round like a form of ill,  
 He heard her cry, and could not save ;  
     Then all around was strangely still.

The scene is changed. Essyllt is torn  
 From Dermion's side, her spirit borne  
 From earth and flesh to death-dark spheres,  
 Where Hate sits throned midst woe and fears ;

Over the realms of spirits he  
 Sits in his fane of misery,  
 Judging and dooming all to hell  
 Who will not praise him by a spell.  
 They drag her to his judgment-seat,  
 Where fabled angels ever cry  
 Their holies to the trinity,  
 And hallelujahs e'er repeat.  
 She sees an arching fane all dark,  
 Covering the spirit-life around;  
 Spanning the universe—no spark  
 Of light or sun within was found  
 Amidst the gloom, within death's portal,  
 Where Horror stands as sentinel,  
 They drag her, and she stands immortal,  
 And, shuddering, sees Hate's real hell.

'Twas a huge fane, whose massive dome  
 Closed in the spheres, whose walls did span  
 The universe of life, in gloom;  
 And in it rolled the earth of man,  
 In which its counterparts men scan.

The fane had many pillars high,  
 The names of sects upon them traced,  
 And the ten laws of Sinai,  
 And pictures on its walls were placed,  
 Of men who had themselves disgraced.

There were foul paintings on the wall  
 Of Anarkiel's acts—to all affright—  
 Old Egypt's plagues, the snake, man's fall,  
 Weak girls and children slain in fight,  
 Foul murders done to set things right;

Whole armies butchered in a night,  
 Cities destroyed by sprites of Hate,  
 A loathsome temple, to him dight,  
 Where helpless beasts were dragged to sate  
 Anarkiel's lust for blood and hate.

A large engraving, all one side,  
 Of the Incarnate One in Three,  
 And round their tortures, who denied  
 The ground, e'er running blood,—a sea  
 Where nations washed in misery.

And many impious pictures more,  
 Of Hate's foul acts—too foul to write—  
 When men invoked him; and in war  
 Drove him in other's minds, in fight,  
 Whose pains were pleasing in his sight.

The Indian, across the seas,  
 The Afric and the dark Malay ;  
 The white, and red, and brown—all these  
 His myrmidons did thirst to slay,  
 To priestianise and save away.

Hark ! now the spirits join with men,  
 And hymn his praises in the den.

“ Anarkiel, maker, hear  
 Thou who didst evil cause ;  
 Thou who didst make stern laws,  
 No one could revere.  
 Thou who didst make all wrong—  
 The weak prey of the strong ;  
 Thou who didst let man fall ;  
 Then didst grim Satan call  
 To tempt men, from beneath,  
 Then punished all with death,  
 Cursing thy works with dole—  
 Spirit-matter, body, soul—  
 With endless wrath and fire,  
 With thy eternal ire ;  
 Then didst assume a guise  
 Of foul hypocrisies,  
 Dying upon a tree,  
 To give man misery ;  
 Heaping up greater woe  
 To those who will not bow ;  
 And dare no proof demand,  
 Though they can't understand ;  
 Lest in the judgment day  
 We all be damned away.  
 O curse not us, but those  
 Who are thy endless foes ;  
 Curse her who comes to-day  
 With endless woes, we pray.”

A murmur, like the rush of water  
 Tremendous, swelled from every quarter ;  
 As the wild hymn slow died away,  
 Then Essyllt saw a lurid ray  
 Light up the scene, and heard the wail  
 Of those in hell, who roar with pain ;  
 While over them the fiery gale  
 Ever must roll, and hope is vain.  
 Then from the gloom a voice did roll,  
 Pronouncing woe on Essyllt's soul :

“Depart, accursèd one, in woe;  
 Unto the place of torment go;  
 Ye have rejected me;  
 In endless misery,  
 Repent your sin in fire below.”

The chant was done, and from the altar  
 Fiends drag her—her tired footsteps falter;  
 She shrinks with terror at the fire;  
 She falls in swoon, while thundering ire  
 And mocking laughter sound afar,  
 Echoing from each sun and star.

But, see! that Light. Who is it comes,  
 With steadfast stride and fearless mein?  
 ’Tis Dermion, midst these awful glooms;  
 Love gives his spirit power, I ween.  
 Impervious to death, or pain,  
 The child of Love, in beauty stands;  
 Death cannot kill him—tries in vain;  
 Hate’s portals burst beneath his hands.  
 Now, God has given his spirit power,  
 To assume all guise, to quit earth’s form;  
 He stands, and all before him cower,  
 Between his Essyllt and all harm.

“Who art thou?” rolls the voice of woe;  
 “Avaunt! a mortal, comest thou here?  
 Death, seize him; headlong hurl below;  
 My curse shall wither him with fear.”

Vain was the curse. He stands still calm,  
 And, lifting up one God-like arm,  
 Utters thy name, O beauteous Love;  
 He calls on thee thy power to prove.  
 A cataclysm sweeps the whole  
 Into destruction—Hate and dole;  
 Clouds of oblivion veil the scene;  
 Gone is the tyrant and his fane,  
 Even as they had never been;  
 And all begin to live again.  
 The spirits wake from dreams of dole;  
 A gush of joy breaks through each soul;  
 Anarkiel is fallen for aye,  
 And o’er the spheres breaks Love’s sweet day  
 He raises her. “Look up,” he cries;  
 “Your Dermion stands before your eyes  
 By Love’s power, e’er upheld, he’s come  
 To rescue and to lead you home.”

On earth I looked :  
 There evil fell ;  
 All nature shook ;  
 Its slaves rebel ;  
 The spell had burst  
 On lar, black.  
 Long had men prayed and cursed,  
 Raising Hate's spell, the earth to wrack ;  
 And now it burst  
 On those who made it first.

War, blight, disease,  
 That island knows ;  
 No more at ease,  
 It mocks at others' woes.  
 The fierce assailants' tread  
 Now echoes far and near ;  
 Its mart is with the dead ;  
 Revolt there is, and war.  
 The weak slaves long oppressed,  
 With Hate, and king, and gold :  
 Rise and destroy the rest,  
 Who long have them controlled.

How did you prosper ? Answer—How ?  
 By murder and foul slavery ;  
 By grinding gold from all below  
 By cunning and sleek knavery ;  
 Here Hate's home is. Here his priests  
 Hold deadly revelry.  
 Behold ! how every place  
 Is pillaged by your hateful race ;  
 The Indo-Afric, that you chase :  
 What say they of your charity ?  
 Horrible land ! Could man be free,  
 And in your children's spirits see,  
 He'd find nowhere such misery.  
 'Tis all-apparent now :  
 No more peace seems to flow  
 Over the island's den ;  
 The consequences rise  
 And glare before all eyes,  
 In the despair of men.

Now, priests have raised a fiend  
 They cannot send away ;  
 For years all the redeemed  
 Raised spells, and dared to pray.

Lo! they have raised, at last,  
 More than they thought of woe,  
 And into horror fast  
 They sink before its glow.

List! Not for ever. Man can dare  
 Sweet Love, the Whole, and rouse up Hate;  
 Nor hear persuasion; see despair  
 And helpless woe become their fate.  
 They're like the man, in fable dim,  
 An image of a fiend who made,  
 Which came to life and followed him,  
 And ever dogged him, as his shade.  
 So priests and men for long have tried  
 To rouse Anarkiel; and see,  
 The shade enwraps them in their pride;  
 Nor from its grasp can they get free.

But God now bursts their dungeon wide,  
 And saves them from their misery.

The veil is lifted, rent is death's dark shroud,  
 Which hung o'er all the ages of the past;  
 By Love destroyed. Life glows without a cloud.  
 And evil into nothingness is cast.  
 The acts and thoughts of long ago,  
 Nations extinct, save in their names,  
 Rise, spectre-like, from the spheres of woe;  
 Love's gleams destroy their fears and shames,  
 Like buried jewels, 'neath the sand,  
 Unearthed near the surrounding spray,  
 They, passed by Time's relentless hand,  
 Glow with the hues of yesterday.  
 Heaven descends, the Loving True,  
 The Perfect, and the Good, of yore,  
 Have found a way, both strange and new,  
 To get to man, and all restore.  
 Lo! o'er the spheres they glint and shine,  
 With a calm loveliness divine,  
 And draw each wild, distracted soul  
 Into the Love of God—the Whole.

See! See! a Child  
 Walks down the spheres;  
 Each sorrow, wild,  
 E'er disappears;  
 Not like a child of man:  
 No human form has he,  
 Yet all his aspect scan—  
 His love can see.

Like nothing known in spirit-spheres,  
 Like nothing human He appears ;  
 And at His sight all earth and spheres  
 Forget their sorrow and their tears ;  
 And at His touch united are  
 With beauteous Love, the sweet and fair,  
 All perfect glow with stamp of love ;  
 All mix as one below, above ;  
 Spirits and men and Heaven do shine  
 Reflection of His Lovliness Divine.

Essyllt and Dermion, child of Love,  
 Absorbed in One in Heaven above ;  
 Through ye Perfection, like a Child, doth glow,  
 Embodied forth, embracing all below.

# THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.



TEN THOUSAND years are past !  
And the long wearied earth  
Rolled on as if in pain,  
Tottering 'neath her weight of woe,  
And, reddened with her sons' warm blood,  
Seemed like a bird about to sink  
Out of Time's race, and be no more.

A Spirit passed from Love's bright home,  
And looked upon it—and his eyes  
Crystalled with tears. He saw how sad  
And full of hate were all on earth ;  
He looked for love, but found it not,  
For man seemed like a withered tree,  
Whose fruit fierce ravening Evil had devoured.

He saw a fantasy of Love,  
The sickly flowers of a day ;  
And even these, priests railed around,  
And men dared not to pluck their sweetness.  
Priests gave them coldly one by one  
To all who sought to pluck these flowers ;  
The fiends they served gave woe and pain.

The Spirit wept, beholding this,  
And said, I'll teach these men to love.  
He had no form, and looked o'er man  
For one in whom to dwell, and saw,  
A youth who loved his kind, yet mocked  
By them because his nature was diverse ;  
He saw him sad with hopeless yearning,  
Pining for love which ne'er he found.

A strange life had been his.  
He e'er believed in love and hope.  
All evil was to him  
More unsubstantial and unreal  
Than mountain mists dissolving 'fore the morn ;  
Or as the star's reflection on a wave  
Which dies out with returning day.

Men mocked and called him mad,  
 Yet round on every side  
 Decay went on,  
 And none could stop its path.  
 Feeling, and sense, and joy,  
 Earth knew no more—He, midst them all,  
 Seemed like a fadeless tree,  
 Blooming in desert lone and still.

Men freedom clutched, and found not peace,  
 Knowledge enlightened not ;  
 Doubt raged in every breast ;  
 Death was a mystery still.  
 Men searched through nature's veiled powers,  
 For something more, beyond  
 The secret spring that moved them,  
 But only nature met them—  
 Calm nature everywhere—  
 And so their search was baffled.

'Twas then the vulture Doubt,  
 Swooped down upon each soul,  
 And horror froze up thought ;  
 What if those skies were vacant,  
 And there was nothing there,  
 Nothing but void? Will no voice sound  
 Through the cold dome above,  
 Bidding death cease to be?  
 Is space a dark, cold vault,  
 Wherein the dead of many worlds  
 Lie mouldering, ne'er to wake again?

Alas! must love, and youth, and sweet desire,  
 Beauty, and sense, and joy, lie still for aye  
 Encarnalled in the grave, nor know a morrow ;  
 Like some bright combination of the clouds,  
 Tinted by sunset's gold, one moment stay,  
 Then to be dissipated, lost for ever?  
 O, fearful thought, better the mad belief  
 Of the poor savage ; better the Indian's life,  
 His happy hunting-ground, and sensual bliss,  
 Than blank annihilation's dreadful doom.

Before the thought, the mind shrinks back in horror,  
 And shuts the appalling prospect out—  
 Too fearful to be real.

This youth was sad  
 Because he could not see beyond the veil,  
 Yet doubted not of God and life for aye.  
 To him the Spirit came in burning noon.

When sitting all alone, a voice did sound  
 Within his soul—Lo! I am He thou lovedst ;  
 'Tis better to be loved by God than mortals ;  
 None of man's race shall be so loved as thou ;  
 Go forth, speak in my name ; none thee can harm.  
 A thrill of joy passed through the youth's bright soul,  
 And in that thrill the Spirit entered there.

Men saw his works and wondered. Smiles and joy  
 Were in his path, and music ; and the sound  
 Of lovely words and poesy's sweet discourse.  
 All who beheld him could not fain but love ;  
 And one fair maid there was who left her all  
 To be with him, and they two lived together,  
 Like two sweet roses plucked from Heaven's fair garden,  
 And placed in some cold vase.

The many loved them ;  
 The Spirit, all embraced, unseen, did mingle  
 With all the spirits of men, and mixed in love ;  
 And from the centre of this loving pair,  
 Moved forth unseen and worked in all ;  
 So earth did smile again, and men knew mirth,  
 Though they knew not the power who worked in them ;  
 Yet did they feel a gradual change remould  
 Themselves, their creeds, and states and nature's law.

The Spirit-power  
 To what shall we compare ?—  
 An eagle in its flight,  
 Cleaving the dark blue sky ?  
 The summer lightning's flash,  
 As it plays amidst the clouds ?  
 It knows not time nor space,  
 Yet here in flesh imprisoned,  
 Like a caged skylark lies,  
 Pining for heaven.

O for a power to break our chains  
 And yet to live ;—  
 To burst through this poor dream of flesh,  
 And in a moment to be free,  
 As some poor bird, long caged and sad,  
 His prison door finds left ajar,  
 And, bursting through, flies up to cloudland,  
 Carolling songs of liberty !

Hush ! such a power there is,  
 By love bestowed on man.  
 The youth's form, in apparent sleep,  
 Lies calm and pale,

As some old knights, as ancient stories tell,  
 Lie sleeping in the realms of faery,  
 Waiting for one to them awake;  
 But as his form lay in sleep's white arms,  
 His spirit, like that fabled bird  
 Which from its ashes rises with new life,  
 Enfranchised, soars through space.

The viewless spheres of life where spirits dwell,  
 He gazed upon—the mansions of the dead;  
 They were e'en as their deeds had fashioned them.  
 He looked upon the masters of creation,  
 The genii who made the things that seem,  
 For God did not make man nor aught imperfect;  
 The clumsy universe where Evil roams,  
 Was made by beings imperfect as their works;  
 But all that perfect is, is part of God,  
 The rest is but a shadow all unreal.  
 He mixed with high and blissful spirits,  
 Those who on earth felt the sweet spirit of love  
 Flow in their souls in music poesy,  
 And in the stream of genius and love;  
 But still he saw not sweet perfection's home,  
 No sign of rest to which the wearied spirits  
 Of myriads look, stricken with pain and woe,  
 By Love betrayed, and friendship's selfishness,  
 Or broken-hearted with the false, cold world,  
 Hoping to lie down, and to find a rest  
 In some dim land from sorrow and from care.  
 But still where'er he travelled it was not;  
 He looked and wondered,—when that voice again  
 Sounded within his spirit, sweeter far  
 Than any tone or melody of sound,—  
 The spirit of Love is in ye, and doth flow  
 From ye to all, transforming all this woe,  
 Into the sweet perfection known as God.

Soon o'er the earth vague rumours flashed,  
 That man's perplexities were solved;  
 That one had passed earth's bounds and seen  
 The viewless spheres and realms of death;  
 That all the things priests spoke of in old times  
 Were dreams—mere fancy's creatures—more unreal  
 Than the strange, vivid scenes which flit  
 Through a mind lulled into an opium sleep;  
 Or as that strange mirage upon the sea  
 When the air, rarefied and clear, reflects,  
 As on a mirror, things passing far away,  
 Inverted on its glassy dome.

Men said, What kind of man is this,  
 Who comes in love and smiles? is this the Christ  
 Who was to come again, for e'en like this  
 He came before, though girt with miracle?  
 And the priests mocked and cried, Oh! fools, and mad;  
 Christ comes in glory through the heavens with noise,  
 And all the world will burn when he appears;  
 This poor abortion is not he.  
 And Science lifted up her head, and cried,  
 Who dares to speak of life beyond the grave,  
 When I have proved there is no heaven or hell,  
 Or God, or after-life; that man is dust,  
 Passing e'en as the leaf in autumn falls,  
 Swept by the wind from off the living tree,  
 To mix with the damp earth and be no more.  
 So men did marvel; but that youth arose,  
 And shone amongst the great in powers unequalled;  
 His fame shook earth, and music, art, and song  
 Bowed to his sway,—the genius of love.  
 He, midst earth's idol-fanes and senates stood,  
 Crying, Believe in God, for God is love;  
 Your Christ is come again and dwells in me,  
 Not in the pomp of kings, trappings of war,  
 Whirlwinds of fire, with horrent mein he comes,  
 But in the glory of unselfish love;  
 In genius, art, and music, and in truth,  
 Which are the signs of inspiration true,  
 Destroying evil with persuasive love.  
 E'en so he comes.

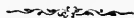
Then the fierce crowd did mock,  
 And shout, Deceiver hence, you are no Christ;  
 The elements obeyed his words,—they do not thine—  
 They shook when he was born, but who did quake  
 At thy conception? who foretel of thee?  
 But the inspired One answered calm, and said,—  
 God can do all, but kindly does he come,  
 In sweet persuasion, not to fright your souls  
 With deeds unnatural. Do ye say  
 No signs proclaim my advent? Look around.  
 When I was born the dead burst from their realms  
 And spoke to mortals; men have seen again  
 Those whom they thought lay sleeping in the grave.  
 Now trust in Love and ye shall see a sign,  
 But if you trust not, darkness blinds your eyes.

Some listened, and behold!  
 At once their eyes were opened,  
 New aspect all did wear;  
 Refrains of spirit-melody

And sweet ecstatic voices  
 E'er floated through the air ;  
 While lovely shapes of light,  
 Like comets flashing by,  
 Interlaced the vaults of space,  
 With rainbow streaks of dazzling sheen.

Soon earth was changed by the sweet Spirit of Love ;  
 Sternness gave place to smiles ; love's bonds were burst ;  
 Vice and disease fled with the fiends who sent them,  
 And the stern priests who called them up by spells ;  
 Gold was not used ; earth blossomed all untilled,  
 And man with spirits mixed, and death was not ;  
 The globe itself, and nature were transformed,  
 And spirit-spheres all mixed with them in one,  
 Warmed into truth, bright mirth, and ecstasy  
 By the embraces of the Spirit of Love.

## A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.



LISTEN, mankind ! and check each gloomy fear ;  
Let doubt subside, and hatred disappear ;  
Through lifeless matter bursts the vast Unseen ;  
There is no death—rent is the veil between.  
The spirits of the dead to men appear ;  
They stand embodied forth to mortals here.  
Once more the fire of inspiration's fed,—  
The trumpet Spiritualism wakes the dead !  
And what the theme of each blest spirit's lay?  
'Tis God ; they teach that He is love always,  
No evil has, the sole existence is,  
And all that is, is part of His sweet bliss ;  
And all that is not, that but seems to be,  
Is evil, shadow, and nonentity ;  
He glows in being, is embodied forth  
In love, by flower, beast, man, and living earth.  
His power reacts through all, and e'er will be  
Their first, their last, their sole Reality.  
Scale we to heaven and tell of what we know  
Of all who dwell above or crawl below ;  
By spirit-guidance would we train the eye  
To see the spheres of immortality ;  
Or unto things minute with wonder turn,  
And strive to life's first source from insects learn ;  
Or, nearer, human frame's strange functions scan,  
And analyze that thing of wonder, man ;  
In highest life, in microscopic dust,  
In all we see, Love's essence own we must.  
Love's power pervades ; one purpose great and wise,  
Like the electric fire in all things lies.  
From high to low appears in each design,  
Love—endless, universal, and divine.  
Then why seems evil ? Listen, ye shall hear  
How 'tis that seeming evil doth appear.  
God only is no king or maker He,  
No personal all-ruling deity,  
But sole Existence and Reality.

No form has He, no space, no world or size—  
 Is like to naught that men or spirits surmise ;  
 He is the living essence of the whole,  
 And all else does but seem, death, pain, and dole.  
 Through the great void of nothingness alway  
 He shines for ever, turning night to day,  
 And all unto Reality and Love ;  
 And by persuasion, not by force, doth move.  
 Thus, gleaming ever through the shades of naught,  
 Life was in them produced, and sense, and thought.  
 This life all incohere midst shadow found,  
 Looking through shadow, fancied matter round ;  
 For Life's condition causes what it sees,  
 They are its fancies, not realities.  
 So as God's gleams lit up life more and more.  
 These objects passed and changed its sight before,  
 So all creations show, and history  
 Unto the Spirit of Life did seem to be.  
 This is the cause of seeming evil's power,  
 And all the acts of nature to this hour.  
 'Tis that the Spirit of Life just brought to be,  
 With clouded vision cannot clearly see ;  
 At once why does not God its vision clear ?  
 He cannot without force and causing fear.  
 Ye think He rules, He is not understood ;  
 He does not make, and will, for He is good.  
 Despotism, force, and all from force that springs,  
 Cometh of evil : God does no such things.  
 He does not force, but in persuasion glows ;  
 And this persuasion through progression flows ;  
 Greater its power than aught conceived by man,  
 None can Thy progress stop, or change Thy plan.  
 Easier for man the sun's decline to stay.  
 To bid night cease and make immortal day ;  
 To stop the planets' courses as they roll,  
 Or make a torrid region round the pole.  
 Than stay God's love, which through persuasion glows,  
 Making each void to live, each weed a rose.  
 To tell how He persuades, all men must fail,—  
 A Spirit from the Dead doth lift the veil,  
 Speaking in trance through One who weak appears,  
 After a lapse of eighteen hundred years :  
 Listen, O man ! when through the void of naught  
 God's gleam's reflex the lifeless shadows caught.  
 Life was produced yet unintelligent,  
 And fancied round it matters forces went.  
 Which, in their motions, into systems rolled—  
 In sun, star, space, and all which men behold.  
 Still brighter grew Persuasions gleams from God,

And lo ! Intelligence imbued each sod.  
 Worlds throbb'd with life, and spheres with spirit-birth ;  
 Unnumbered creatures walk'd each sphere and earth.  
 Gaze on the world of man, and mark how there  
 God's gleams have ever brighten'd, grown more fair,  
 In man a clod at first, then fill'd with life ;  
 In stone, in ground in all its verdure rife,  
 Each drop of water, mite of dust we see  
 A living world of animalculæ.  
 The Spirit of Life through every form doth glide,  
 Through nature's forms to man, an endless tide.  
 Life to the beast no endless being gives,  
 But that which is its life for ever lives  
 Goes on from form to form, in man doth fly,  
 There stamp'd with individuality.  
 So life progressive is diffus'd around  
 In everything—in sky, and sea, and ground ;  
 God's reflex shines through all infinity,  
 In whate'er form—all Life progressive see.  
 How did man first arise a being fair ?  
 Not from selection nor from Eden's pair.  
 O man ! ye have forgot the spheres unseen,  
 Where life exists and has for ever been ;  
 Ye have forgot the mighty worlds of space,  
 The spirit-powers all worlds which interlace.  
 Remember all re-act together, each on each,  
 By constant influx they their fellows reach  
 From spirit-spheres unseen through which did flow  
 The life in matter, down to earth below.  
 They, in their acts of love, produc'd again,  
 And made all living creatures, beasts, and men ;  
 Ye are their children, from them first ye came,  
 And now ye come in manner quite the same.  
 The spirits of your children whence are they ?  
 Life flows in, like a sea, and out alway ;  
 The influx of the tide as birth we call,  
 The ebb is death—which ne'er should aught appal.  
 Now see how, through the whole long course of life,  
 God's loving gleams have brighten'd midst its strife.  
 View man's own frame, its many wonders scan,  
 The adaptability of all its plan ;  
 Its mechanism strange, which puts to shame  
 The greatest human skill extoll'd by fame.  
 Whence the mute loveliness in every form,  
 The sense to gratify, the eye to charm.  
 The song of birds, lo ! does not rapture fill,  
 Woe never caus'd their clear melodious trill ;  
 And if we eat, drink, love—whate'er we do,  
 Pleasure's the effect, and pleasure ever new.

So genius, love, and truth inspired come down  
 Like gems to diadem life's glittering crown ;  
 And through hard nature's crust the gleams of God  
 Have often oped to unseen spirits a road.  
 To teach man that his life for aye will bloom,  
 That all his faculties survive the tomb ;  
 That he will live, outlast the aloe tree,  
 Though that may bloom for centuries yet to be,  
 How sad that death should seem so dread a shape ;  
 Which all mankind endeavour to escape.  
 Hurrying them to horrible despair,  
 Or to extinction, or—they know not where.  
 How different God doth teach—when death appears,  
 'Tis but the birth into the spirit-spheres ;  
 As one whose soul in dreams perturbed will stray,  
 Wakes to the sunlight of meridan day.  
 Before Love's gleams the shadows roll afar,  
 And through life's darkness twinkles many a star.  
 See all earth's loveliness, and fresh and warm,  
 Love's beauteous reflex shines in woman's form ;  
 Before God's teaching evil sinks to naught,  
 Faith and creeds fall, and tyrants lose support.  
 Progressive life rolls rapidly along,  
 For some worse evils now are wholly gone ;  
 And many crumble and begin to fall  
 Before the stream of Love which levels all.  
 Fanaticism, now is on the wane,  
 Nor Ignorance can darken all again ;  
 The priests have lost their hold ; the many rise,  
 Nor will be slaves to feed their luxuries,  
 Not yet perceived, yet in the world doth range  
 A SPIRIT! who men's hearts begins to change ;  
 All Life, long wandering on a gloomy road,  
 Bowing to evil, knowing not of God.  
 Sees far above, His gleams in truth's bright ray  
 Melting the creeds and powers that bar the way ;  
 And as the light breaks on her from above,  
 She lifts her arms exclaiming, " God is Love !"

Yes, love doth shine, and one is sent below—  
 A perfect gleam of God, He e'er doth glow ;  
 E'en through the spheres of matter, earth, and sky,  
 Space, stars, and moons, and human misery.  
 Where all seems shadow, life in shadow walks,  
 And lives in shadow, and in shadow talks ;  
 E'en there He shines, reflected from afar,  
 And shimmers like a solitary star.  
 Awake! Awake! O man, love truth, and rise  
 Out of your shadows to realities ;

You are but phantasms of yourselves, I ween  
 For you are spirit, and spirit is unseen ;  
 How can you rise? List, I'll the way unfold,  
 I am a spirit and the Christ of old.  
 Too daring one. Ah ! whither wouldst thou fly,  
 Impious to weigh the acts of deity ;  
 As a balloon when balanced without care,  
 Flies at a tangent, thou wilt find despair.  
 Not so, firm Reason God's bright guide attends,  
 Her weight a solid counterpoise she lends ;  
 Reason not loaded with the pride of man,  
 Where all is dark, all chaos, void of plan ;  
 Whose wand'rings vague like Sol's beams slanting  
 But cause more shadows to obstruct the light,  
 Loosed from belief in spirit, the more it flies,  
 More difficulties and more doubts arise.  
 The fool who by the precipice would stray,  
 All thoughtless runs,—the wise man picks his way ;  
 The existence sole of love doth ever own,  
 And on truth's staff e'er seeks to lean alone.  
 Assisted thus by God inspired and armed  
 By doubt and priests' dire threatenings not alarmed,  
 He fearless plunges in the mighty maze,  
 Which, lit by love, grows clear beneath his gaze. '   
 To him alone love can unveil death's gloom,  
 He can behold the life beyond the tomb,  
 And in communion with the spheres of soul  
 Prove immortality, and love the whole.  
 Yes, they can come, the good and true of old,  
 But man must seek if he would them behold ;  
 They cannot all achieve, and their sweet sight,  
 Would give the evil-minded horrent fright.  
 Spiritualism, thou message from above,  
 Proving man's immortality of love ;  
 Through ye the way is, with love's light to guide,  
 And truth the path to walk in, long and wide.  
 Behold the way, O man, to climb to God.  
 The road which all good men have ever trod,  
 Your bibles and your faiths all speak of ye,  
 Blest Spirit guidance, inspiration free.   
 Yes, when creeds fail and faith grows raving mad,  
 And man to doom to endless woe is glad ;  
 When science blots out God and future life,  
 And drowns all hope amid the present strife,—  
 Makes life from matter spring, makes earth and sun  
 By mimic Chances, idol chariot run ;  
 Explains how rose each living being found,  
 By chance selection from blind atoms round ;  
 How systems roll, and gravitation's law

Keeps them in motion, keeps them as they are ;  
 Mimic forces blind, and moved by chance  
 Have caused all nature, intellects advance.  
 When priests have bowed to evil rearing high,  
 In place of God, Hate's three-souled deity,  
 Raising the shadows that they think they see ;  
 Calling perfection present misery,  
 That for each creature on the rest to prey,  
 And crime, and war, and pain, are good alway.  
 That all created were yet let to fall,  
 Then to be damned for ever—one and all ;  
 Unless another takes their sins away,  
 And they by faith then Godlike Reason slay.  
 Believing what can ne'er be proved to be,  
 Or else to suffer woe eternally ;  
 When mankind thus were sank in creeds of fear,  
 And drudged and strived without a hope to cheer.  
 Then God's sweet Message burst upon the world,  
 And Spiritualism, Hope's ensign unfurled ;  
 Voices of those departed sounded far,  
 Through death's thin veil, down to where mortals are.  
 Dare ye to sneer, ye priests, ye seeming wise,  
 E'en so to Christ of old ye shut your eyes ;  
 The whispered sound, the rap, the movement strange,  
 The inspired trance-speaker and the shapes that range  
 Amidst your frightened sons are but the sign  
 Of One who comes, who through your spheres doth shine ;  
 Behold He comes, the Loving One of Old,  
 Mankind, the Messenger of God behold.  
 And in what guise, and how—no form has He,  
 How can He image forth Himself to ye ?  
 What is love like ? Not like your priests and kings—  
 Not stern and cold—a painted thing with wings.  
 Love, like a perfect child is,—fondles all,  
 And in persuasion's winning way doth call  
 Men to admire and see its pretty things,  
 And, like a serpent, glides, but never stings.  
 Before Him haughtiness forgets its pride,  
 And stoops to laugh at Love's sweet child beside ;  
 Stern wealth forgets it's greed, and gives a mite  
 To give the little fellow some delight ;  
 War throws its gun away, and in its arms  
 Takes the young prattler who doth fear no harms ;  
 Laughs at the glitter of the murderous steel,  
 Nor knows its horrid use ; begins to feel  
 For one small spot from out the clothes of war ;  
 To find a place to kiss without a scar.  
 Before Him even priests forget their guile,  
 And wondering find that they too still can smile ;

Though feeling shame such weakness still to own,  
 Before Love's child e'en tears will course adown ;  
 To think how they too might have had a child,  
 Were they not slaves of Hate by blood defiled.  
 Or if some child they'd had, whose life till freed  
 They'd tortured by their learning and their creed ;  
 Till like themselves their offspring had become,  
 Till spirits had ta'en it to a brighter Home.  
 Tears, long-lost memory break through a flood,  
 And love peeps out as light in some dark wood.  
 Lo! God is gentle and affectionate.  
 How different from your trinity of Hate ;  
 No popentate, priest, judge, Messiah is He,  
 'Tis man's self protographed the God you see.  
 A perfect child is the best thought of Him,  
 Which ye can love while yet in shadows dim.

He comes, the Christ, the mystery of yore,  
 He comes to dwell with all for evermore ;  
 Ye cannot ever drive Him hence again,  
 He will transform to ecstasy your pain.  
 How does He come through Heaven? He comes to ye  
 Bursting the cloud Materiality ;  
 His angels are the living spirits of yore,  
 They with Him burst in midst earth life once more ;  
 Think you unperfect spirits come alone,  
 If one, then all can come, so ye should own.  
 But men must gradually be trained to see  
 The great procession of Reality.  
 So slowly, more and more the veil is torn,  
 And brilliant streams the light of God's bright morn.  
 The silent rap, the phantom shapes will grow  
 Into the miracles of long ago.  
 Then States will rock and creeds will pass away,  
 And one Inspired arise prepare the way ;  
 Then midst the crumbling of material law,  
 Midst nature's change and living beings awe.  
 With a tremendous bound the Christ of old  
 In might of God will rush amidst man's fold,  
 And at His sight all wrong will die away,  
 For none can see Him and in shadow stay.  
 Nothing but burning ecstasy can be.  
 Life all united in Love's entity,  
 And God then manifested all will see.

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